

Jacksons

The Road to Omeo

Collected from Wally Wildesmith from Tumbarumba NSW and from Bert Cook from Tarwonga Vic by John Meredith.
Wiggy Jackson was a hard boss who drove and operated road making equipment for the Victorian Country Roads Board in the 1920s.

Well we start - ed down from Nar - i - el one earl - y morn in spring,
The bus - y bees were hum - ming and the mock - ing bird did sing,
The lit - tle birds all round us joined ____ in the morn - ing song,
So we sad - dled up our hors - es and we steered for Corr - y - ong.

There was Billy Moore and Brownie, Dave Warland and two more,
And none of us afraid of quod, we'd all been there before,
We'd whips and whips of rhino and I mean to let you know,
That I won't go back with Jacksons on the road to Omeo.

Now we steered into Tintaldra to see big Jack McGrath,
His breath would fairly stun you as he served behind the bar,
His wine would knock you silly, and his beer would make you blow,
But we won't go back with Jacksons on the road to Omeo.

Now we reined them up at Winns Hotel, the best pub in the town,
We wasn't there so very long and our cheques was all knocked down,
Brownie said, "We're stoney broke, I think we'll have to go,
But we won't go back with Jacksons on the road to Omeo."

Now my spree is nearly ended and I think I've drunk me share,
If ever I get another cheque I'll act up on the square;
Saddle up the old grey horse and ashearin' I will go
But I won't go back with Jacksons on the road to Omeo.

Oh now my spree is over and it's home I will return,
I'll go back to that pretty girl, her heart will surely yearn
I'll roll her in the clover, let the wind blow high or low,
But I won't go back with Jacksons on the road to Omeo.